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## ANOTHER NOTED BABY.

*Messenger* readers have always been interested in noted babies on the other side of the water, the baby king of Spain, the little queen of Holland, both monarchs in their own right; and Dorothy Drew, noted as yet chiefly for being the granddaughter of Britain's premier, and his especial pet. On this side of the Atlantic no baby is talked of so much as "Baby Ruth," the daughter of President Cleveland. Of course, just now, she owes her fame chiefly to the charms of her mother and to the fact that she is "the baby of the White House," but no matter who she was, or where she might be found, who could let such a baby as that pass unnoticed? Of course, this is not a photograph, for her sensible father and mother are not fond of publicity, and not even the omnipresent kodak has yet been able to get a snap shot at her, but an artist of *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, saw the little maid as she was taking her airing one day at Lakewood, and this picture was afterwards developed from the "thumb-nail" sketch. Her salient points, the artist says, are a pair of large, dark eyes, with the prettiest of long lashes, delicately regular features, fair coloring and dark hair.

It is not difficult, she says, to see "the baby," who is spoken of usually as if there were but one baby in Lakewood. She takes her airing, with all the other children of the cottages and hotels, between the hours of ten and twelve, and her plain little wicker chariot may be seen on the broad plank walks by the Lakewood Hotel, and up and down any of the pine-sheltered avenues, driven by the vigilant nurse, who is ever on the watch to protect her charge from too intrusive admirers. Everybody stops to look at her or to speak to her, and the manners of the young princess are most affable. The artist was fortunate in crossing the path of the little carriage just before baby, in her white cloak and cap, with a biscuit clutched in one white mitten, was preparing to take a nap, and thus was favored with a sight of the dark eyes and a faint smile which might be interpreted as expressing the last degree of boredom at again hearing the inevitable—"Oh, what a lovely baby!"

MRS. CLEVELAND AND BABY RUTH.

## BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT

People should be willing to surrender themselves to God so as to receive a baptism of the Holy Ghost for personal service. You could have had it if you had wanted it. There is not any one but has all the Holy Ghost he has made room for.

Finney once used an illustration of a man seeing a beautiful team of horses, and saying to their owner: "What will you sell them for?" The reply was: "I will take five hundred dollars for them." The man had the five hundred dollars in his pocket, but immediately there came to his mind the new coat of paint his house wanted, and the trip he had contemplated making, whereupon he said: "I will keep my money and you can keep your horses." This is a homely illustration that you have all of the Holy Ghost that you paid for. You cannot have your selfishness, your worldly lusts, your avarice, your pride, or secret sin in your heart, and have the power of the Holy Ghost; but if you would rather have the power of the Holy Spirit than these things, God will give it to you.

Some time since a pastor, who had graduated at Princeton theological seminary some twenty years ago, told me that although he had been ordained to be a minister of the gospel, he had never led a soul to Christ, and had no idea how to do it. He happened to be in Indianapolis when some meetings were in progress. They were conducted by an individual who was a man of power, but rather rude in some ways.

At the end of the services the minister said: "Now we will have an after-meeting, and every man that is saved is requested to talk to some one that is not." The Princeton graduate thought to himself "What shall I do?" The evangelist came up to him and said: "My friend, are you a Christian?" The minister said: "Yes." He said: "Stir yourself up and try to lead some one to Christ." After a while the preacher came to him again and said: "My brother, are you a Christian?" He said: "Yes." The minister said: "In the name of God try and get some one to come to Christ." The minister sat still and the preacher came to him the third time. He said: "My friend, did you not tell me you were a member of the church?" and he replied: "Yes, I am a minister of the gospel." "Great God!" the preacher said, "and letting souls all round you go to hell!" He immediately left Indianapolis and took the first train for his home. Upon reaching there he went to his room and spent two days in prayer. He then sent for the elders of the church, and he told them he had found the Holy Ghost. They said: "Pastor, you had better get the people together." He did so, and one hundred souls were converted inside of ten days. Some of them are now elders in that church.

I am acquainted with a man who has been pastor of prominent Methodist churches, the Rev. Dr. Keen, whom some of you know. That man has perhaps been preaching for thirty years, and he has never seen a year of his ministry without a mighty revival of the work of Christ. It was not so with his first charge. At his first revival he preached as well as he could. He said: "Here is the altar, and those who want to find Christ, kneel down here." How many do you think came? No one. He then preached another sermon, extended the same invitation, but no

one responded. He preached on until the seventh night, but no one came and knelt at the altar.

The next morning he said: "Wife, I think I have found out the trouble: I think it is in me." She said: "You are getting blue. It is not your fault at all." He said: "Wife, if I were baptized with the Holy Ghost my preaching and praying would have better results. I am lacking in something." Then she broke down and said: "I too am lacking in something." They both knelt down and cried mightily unto God that they might be baptized with the Holy Ghost. He preached again that night. No one came to the altar. He knelt down at the altar railing and bowed his head. Then a lady came, and down by his side knelt the wife of this minister, both crying that they might be baptized with the Holy Ghost. The next night no one came. For seven nights in succession they had knelt down before the people and prayed for a baptism of the Holy Spirit, and on this night the minister said: "Wife, our prayers are answered. I have found out there is a Holy Ghost. I believe that God has come to me." That night, after the sermon, twenty-seven grown men and women came forward and prayed for mercy. Oh, my friends, have you received this baptism? If you have not done so, are you ready for it to-night? Here is the promise, the only unconditional promise in the Bible:

"And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

"For every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"—*B. Fay Mills.*

## HINTS ON PHYSICAL TRAINING OF BOYS.

*(C. W. Whitney, in Harper's Young People.)*

It seems curious that with the advance we have made in the last few years in scientific athletics, there should still be cause for writing so strongly on a subject that ought to be covered by the common-sense of mature men, and yet I am constantly hearing of tug-of-war teams composed of boys of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen years of age, and right here in our own city I can point to school football elevens that last season went into regular training. It has been a custom, too, in several schools to permit a course of more or less severe training as preparation for track athletic events. The tug-of-war is so tremendous a strain on the system, that in the last year or two the game has fallen into disuse at nearly all athletic contests among young men, while the colleges have dropped it entirely. That undeveloped boys should be allowed for a moment to have anything to do with such a health-sapping game seems, therefore, incomprehensible. I believe the tug-of-war has been abandoned by the best schools in New York, and it should be cast into outer darkness all over the country.

As for general training for athletic events, it is very nearly as great a mistake, and I am addressing myself to boys sixteen years of age and under, though, of course, my remarks will apply with equal force to many boys of seventeen, and even nineteen, who are unusually backward in their physical development. Growing boys should not expect nor make any attempt to get their muscles "hard." It would be directly against all laws of nature if they were so. The main idea in athletic work is to keep the skin clean, and get inside your veins and arteries pure blood, and plenty of it. The only training you must think of doing is with your stomach. Keep it in good condition by eating plenty of wholesome food, and you will find yourself equal to whatever exercise you are inclined to do. Care of the stomach, and an amount of athletic work which stops short of tiring the boys out, are all the training that should be permitted school teams of any description.

To eat his meals at the same hour every day and to do no munching between meals are sufficient to make the boy who follows the rule honestly, superior, at least in "condition," to the one who does not. For the rest, any kind of out-door athletic work that is not too severe, as, for example, running, jumping, and hurdling, will gradually build him up, and increase his muscles as rapidly as his strength will permit.

By running, I mean cross-country running, or what approaches it as nearly as possible. Running short distances at top speed is not only undesirable for the growing lad, but it is decidedly injurious. Sprinting one or two hundred yards is bad enough, but when it comes to training a boy at a quarter or half mile, which is, in fact, a prolonged sprint, the harm he receives is likely to be very considerable and lasting.

If boys are inclined to become sprinters, the best and safest procedure is for them to confine their efforts to simply "*starting*," not running out more than forty to fifty yards at the utmost, until they have gained something of their growth and strength, and they will find they have fitted themselves for greater efforts by the best possible means. After all, starting is everything in sprinting nowadays; the speed is more or less natural, but skill in getting off the mark is acquired.

In my opinion it is a great mistake to put a boy under sixteen in the gymnasium for the conventional course of instruction. Not one gymnasium instructor in fifty adapts himself to the individual requirements of his pupils; and even were he to do so, the lad will not reap one-half the benefit from following the usual routine of pulleys, weights, etc., that he will by romping about out-of-doors. Give him a little sensible light dumbbell work for ten or fifteen minutes when he gets out of bed in the morning, and then keep him out in the open air for just as much time as he can spare from his studies, which at this age should not occupy much of his time out of school hours.

I have noticed a growing tendency to permit children to sit up much later than is good for them, the natural result being a too prevalent fondness for the bed in the morning. If a boy wants to keep himself in prime condition, to grow up strong and vigorous, let him get up in the morning long enough before breakfast to have first ten minutes of brisk work with a pair of light wooden dumbbells, then his cold bath, and afterwards a sharp walk of fifteen minutes. Any boy who will follow this plan will discover before many weeks that he is easily superior to his classmates in almost any athletic work he undertakes, while headaches and other ills too common to growing lads will be unknown to him.

## THE MOST IMPORTANT FUNCTION OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. J. B. KANAGA, A. M.

The Sunday-school is distinctively a school. It is not identical with the congregation assembled to be instructed and edified from the pulpit. There is, sometimes, quite as much difference in the composition as in the design of the respective gatherings; all the children in the one, with a comparatively few elderly persons; while in the other we find the children in a marked minority. This is not the ideal condition. There should be a thorough blending of youth and old age in both services.

The Sunday-school is pre-eminently a Biblical school. Once it was a school of general instruction, with the Bible and catechism as a part of its prescribed course. Its primary object then was to give the opportunity for an elementary education to such as had no other chance to secure it. But in this age and country of popular education the Sunday-school has been restricted to its legitimate sphere of exclusively Biblical teaching. To the utmost efficiency in the Sunday-school work of to-day it is important to have a knowledge of exegesis, an acquaintance with Biblical antiquities and geography, together with sacred and profane history.

Teaching is the most important function of the Sunday-school. This teaching is limited in its scope. The holy Scriptures, as submitted to us by the International Lesson Committee, supply the lesson text. In some churches, the doctrines of the Church are made prominent, and their doctrinal system is sometimes made to practically supersede the one source of all Christian doctrine. However, with certain well-known exceptions, the effort in Sunday-schools is to teach the Word itself, which is broader and simpler than any Church creed; although these are useful and to be given proper attention at the right time and in the right way.

Other things are important, but only incidental. The music, social features and the like are only auxiliary to the main purpose. With vigilance and determination they should be kept subordinate; while the teaching is rightfully recognized as the most important function of this unique Christian institution. The aim, it is to be admitted, is higher; it embraces the present spiritual possibilities and eternal destiny of every scholar. The Sunday-school ought to be helpful to the spiritual condition of the *Church; it should help to prepare the way* for evangelistic effort. This it can do by the high spirituality of the devotional exercises, and the putting of due emphasis upon the solemn verities of the Word of God, and by personal application of such truths to all the unconverted. But with all that can be done in this direction, we shall still need the old line of special services conducted specifically for this purpose. Nothing can take the place of the revival. The supreme teaching function of the Sunday-school must be utilized to this end. Here the truth must be presented definitely and with the persuasion wrought by the Spirit of truth. If the chief agency in the Sunday-school is operated in this spirit to the highest end of all Christian service, then will it be increasingly useful to the Church and the cause of Christ.—*Evangelical Sunday-school Teacher.*

## SCHOLARS' NOTES.

*(From Westminster Question Book.)*

LESSON IV.—APRIL 23, 1893.

### JOB'S CONFESSION AND RESTORATION.

Job 42:1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."—James 5:11.

HOME READINGS.

M. Job 33:1-33.—Elihu Reasons with Job.
T. Job 36:1-33.—God Mighty in Strength and Wisdom.
W. Job 37:1-24.—God Unsearchable.
Th. Job 38:1-41.—The Lord out of the Whirlwind.
F. Job 40:1-14.—Job Humbled.
S. Job 42:1-17.—Job's Confession and Restoration.
S. James 5:1-20.—The Patience of Job.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Job's Submission and Penitence. vs. 1-6.
II. Job's Friends Condemned. vs. 7-9.
III. Job's Restoration and Reward. v. 10.

TIME of Job between B. C. 2000 and B. C. 1800; the age of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

PLACE.—Where Job lived. The land of Uz.

OPENING WORDS.

The entire book of Job should be carefully read in connection with these lessons. This closing chapter is composed partly of poetry and partly of prose. The first part comprises the first six verses, and consists of Job's submission and penitence. The second part (verses 7-16) is in prose, and contains the statement of the result of the whole trial.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

2. *No thought can be withholden from thee*—Revised Version, "no purpose of thine can be restrained." 3. *Who is he*—Job repeats the words of Jehovah (Job 38:2), and takes the charge to himself. *Too wonderful for me*—in questioning the divine procedures and trying to give a sufficient explanation of them he had gone beyond his ability, and had been judging of that of which he knew nothing. 5. *I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear*—the meaning is, that his views of God before were dark and obscure, such as one may obtain by being told of him. *Now mine eye seeth thee*—now he has such views as are furnished by the sight. 6. *Wherefore I abhor myself*—he now sees his true position before God, and humbles himself in sincere repentance. 7. *Right*—the difference was in principle and intention. They spoke to defend a tenet, Job spoke to declare what he believed to be true. 8. *Job shall pray for you*—a true type of the Mediator. 9. *Accepted Job*—heard and answered his prayer. 10. *Turned the captivity of Job*—restored him to his former prosperity.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? How did Job express his longing to find God? What appeal did he desire to make to God? How did he declare his assurance of God's favor? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. JOB'S SUBMISSION AND PENITENCE. vs. 1-6.—When the Lord had spoken, how did Job reply? What confession did he make? What prayer did he offer? How had he known God before? How did he know him now? In what terms did he declare his submission and penitence? How should a sense of sin affect us?

II. JOB'S FRIENDS CONDEMNED. vs. 7-9.—What did the Lord say to Eliphaz? Who were the three friends? Why was the Lord angry with them? What did he command them to do? Did they obey? What was the result? Meaning of *the Lord accepted Job?*

III. JOB'S RESTORATION AND REWARD. v. 10.—What did the Lord do for Job? Meaning of *turned the captivity of Job?* What did the Lord give him? What is said of his latter days? vs. 11-17. What does Paul say of God's providential care of those that love him? Rom. 8:28; 2 Cor. 4:17, 18.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The Lord is omnipotent, and we should be submissive when he puts forth his power.
2. We should be careful not to indulge in presumptuous thoughts and words about God.
3. We know nothing aright of God or ourselves until he makes it known to us.
4. Self-loathing is the companion of true repentance. Ezek. 6:9.
5. The Lord is a bountiful rewarder of his servants and a liberal repairer of their losses.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. When the Lord had spoken, what did Job reply? Ans. I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee.
2. What confession did he make? Ans. I have uttered that I understood.
3. What did the Lord say to Job's three friends? Ans. Ye have not spoken of me the thing that is *right, as my servant Job hath.*
4. What did he command them to do? Ans. Offer up for yourselves a burnt offering; and my servant Job shall pray for you; for him will I accept.
5. How did the Lord show his acceptance of Job? Ans. The Lord turned the captivity of Job and also gave him twice as much as he had before.

LESSON V.—APRIL 30, 1893.

### WISDOM'S WARNING.—Proverbs 1:20-33.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 20-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"See that ye refuse not him that speaketh." Heb. 12:25.

HOME READINGS.

M. Proverbs 1:1-33.—Wisdom's Warning.
T. Proverbs 2:1-22.—The Giver of Wisdom.
W. 1 Cor. 1:18-31.—Christ the Wisdom of God.
Th. Proverbs 9:1-12.—The Beginning of Wisdom.
F. Job 28:12-28.—The Value of Wisdom.
S. Matt. 7:13-27.—The Wise Builder.
S. Heb. 12:14-29.—Refuse not Him that Speaketh.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Call of Wisdom. vs. 20-23.
II. The Rejection of Wisdom. vs. 24-30.
III. The Loss of Wisdom. vs. 31-33.

TIME.—About B.C. 1,000; Solomon king of all Israel.

PLACE.—Written by Solomon in Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

In this lesson wisdom, the wisdom that is from above, is represented as a person, calling upon men and giving them important counsels and warnings. Blessed are they that hearken unto her; for they shall dwell safely, and be quiet from the fear of evil.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

20. *Wisdom*—Hebrew, "wisdoms," as though this wisdom were the queen of all wisdoms, uniting in herself all their excellences. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Prov. 9:10. *Crieth*—by prophets, teachers, wise men and the Holy Spirit, who in all times and ways have told men their duty. 21. *Place of concourse...openings of the gates*—the voice of God by his word and by his Spirit follows us everywhere. 22. *Simple*—fatally open to evil. *Scorners*—mocking at all good. *Fools*—hardened, obstinate persons, hating the knowledge they have rejected. 23. *Turn you at my reproof*—Isa. 55:6, 7; Ezek. 33:11. *Pour out*—abundantly impart. *My spirit*—the Holy Spirit. With the Spirit there are to be also the words of wisdom. 24. *Stretched out*—implying earnestness of entreaty. 25. *Set at naught*—rejected as of no value. 26, 27. There is justice as well as grace in the Most High. Justice shall avenge the contempt of mercy. No fear can equal the power of God's anger. 28. *Shall they call*—think of their condition; in fearful peril; calling for help; no answer—all the fruit of their own folly! 29. *For that they hated knowledge*—the fault is all their own. They rejected the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom, and therefore widom rejects them. They eat the fruit of their own way, and that fruit is death.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote the book of Proverbs? What is meant by "wisdom" in this book? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE CALL OF WISDOM. vs. 20-23.—Where does wisdom utter her call? Why so publicly? Whom does she address? What does she call upon them to do? What promise is given to those who turn?

II. THE REJECTION OF WISDOM. vs. 24-30.—What charge does wisdom bring against those whom she had called? What will be the punishment of those who thus reject the call of wisdom? How have we been called? What will be our punishment if we reject these calls?

III. THE LOSS OF WISDOM. vs. 31-33.—What four statements are made in verses 31 and 32? What solemn question is asked in Matthew 16:26? What two blessings are promised those who hear wisdom's call?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The Lord calls upon us all to forsake evil ways and walk in right paths.
2. Those who refuse his calls are foolish as well as wicked.
3. The time will come when he will no longer call.
4. Those who turn away from God destroy their own souls.
5. Those who hearken to his calls shall be quiet from the fear of evil.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What does wisdom call upon men to do? Ans. To forsake their evil ways and to walk in right paths.
2. What does she promise to those who turn at her reproof? Ans. I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you.
3. What shall be the punishment of those who reject her calls? Ans. They shall eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.
4. What is promised to those who hearken to her counsels? Ans. They shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.

# THE HOUSEHOLD.

## THE PITCHER OF TEARS.

The woman had closed her eyes,
A-weary with weeping.
She leaned on the empty cradle,
And sobbed in her sleeping.
Her breast like a wave of the sea
Was rising and falling:
Her heart through the mist of sleep
On her baby was calling.

Then her soul was lift up and away
To the Garden of Heaven,
Where flowers shine like stars in the grass,
So smooth and so even.
And she saw where 'mid roses and May
An angel did wander,
With bright children, who looked in his face
To dream and to wonder.

Alone, and apart from the rest,
A little child tarried,
And in his small arms, soft and round,
A pitcher he carried.
His sweet eyes looked wistfully toward
His mates in the meadow.
Heaven's glory was bright, but his face
Bore the touch of earth's shadow

The woman knelt down where she stood.
"My own and my dearie,
Now why do you wander alone,
With little feet weary?
If you cannot come back, come back
To the arms of your mother,
'Tis your sweet hand the angel should hold.
And never another."

"Oh! mother, the pitcher of tears,
Your tears, I must carry.
So heavy it weighs, that behind
I linger and tarry.
Oh! mother, if you would smile,
And cease from your weeping,
My place by the angel's side
I'd gladly be keeping."

The woman waked by the cradle,
And smiled in the waking.
"My baby, the pitcher of tears
To my heart I am taking.
Go, frolic and sing with your mates!
My smiles shall be given
To make a new light round your head
In the Garden of Heaven."

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

*Youth's Companion.*

## SANITARY CONDITIONS IN THE HOUSE NECESSARY TO HEALTH.

It is beginning to be understood that a large percentage of acute diseases, particularly those that are contagious, are strictly preventable. It is not too much to say that these are filth diseases, and that strict compliance with the rules for enforcing cleanliness, in and around our homes, would, to a very great extent, do away with these diseases, and the great mortality resulting therefrom.

Verily, cleanliness is next to godliness; I sometimes think it is godliness. The time must come when a violation of the laws of health and cleanliness will be considered a grievous sin, one that not only merits punishment, but will be sure to receive it. It is certain to follow, whether we understand it or not; and we reap the consequences, every time. The man who places his dwelling flat upon the ground, leaving no space and no means for proper ventilation under it, must not be surprised if he has sickness in his family. A residence to be healthful must be dry, free from moisture. But this cannot be if there is not an air-space beneath the living rooms, so that the place can be thoroughly ventilated from time to time. Otherwise the mold will gather beneath, on the floors, and sills, moisture will collect, and the wood will decay, and there will be a rapid propagation of disease-germs. Even a good cellar under every part of the house will not suffice unless it be kept clean and sweet, and all parts of it well ventilated; the fresh air from outside must have access to it.

The man who permits an open sewer to enter his dwelling will have work for the doctor and the undertaker; and yet how many foul vaults there are to-day in the basements of old houses in cities, and connected with sewer-pipes, often without traps and with no means of flushing properly. Even in some of the newer residences I am afraid we shall find equally serious defects. Joints in sewer-pipes are left open, and the foul matters escaping from them soak into the earth right under the dwelling, and often saturate the soil beneath the basement.

Many apparently well-built residences, both in and out of cities, are plastered right on the brick; this makes a cold, damp wall, especially in north rooms. Some people have an idea that if the walls are built double, leaving space for air between them, they will be dry. This is not always so; a wall to be really dry must have a stratum of air passing back of the plaster that lines it. In other words, the wall should be "furred," with furring-strips nailed on to the brick or stone, to which the laths are to be secured, thus leaving an air-space between the plaster and the solid wall. This, and this only, will make it perfectly dry and warm. To insure having a dry floor, there must be a space beneath it for air, so that it can be thoroughly ventilated.

Many walls are rendered unwholesome by the paper that is supposed to adorn them. Either the paper itself contains copper or arsenic or some other injurious matter, or it has been on the wall so long that it is filled with disease-germs enough to infect a whole family. There is no doubt that contagious and other diseases, including consumption, have been extensively propagated in this way. Some old houses have walls with two, and even three, layers of paper on them, the dirt and filth of years being covered up and kept in store for successive occupants. This is almost worse than the carpet nuisance; for though carpets may become about the filthiest things that a house contains, they do wear out in time, and are lifted from the floors.

Leaving the cellar, the floors, and the walls, for the present, suppose we tarry a moment in the sleeping-apartments. We might take a look into the wardrobes and closets. In some of these we probably shall find a superabundance of old shoes and slippers, and perhaps other foot-gear of doubtful cleanliness; or even soiled linen and other cast-off underclothes, not any too securely rolled up, much less put into a "laundry bag;" and a lady at my elbow declares that she has sometimes seen this latter receptacle hung on the bed-post, at the head of the bed! One thing I am sure of: the average closet does not receive sufficient airing; and the moment you open its door there is a disagreeable odor, half putrescent, suggestive of human exhalations emanating from the contents. Were proper attention given to these matters, all clothing would be thrown out on the line every little while, for a good airing and sunning; not in the middle of the day, when the sun is broiling hot, but in the early morning, when it is cool and breezy, and the air pure and sweet.

Need I add that the bed-clothes closet ought to receive similar attention? Or that mattresses and all the bedding should every few weeks be thrown out of doors for a similar "sweetening," or hung in a good draught, say between windows, where the rapid currents of air passing through will in some measure do the work?

I notice often in passing people's houses, even in the early morning, that the windows and doors are shut tight; and they seem to remain in this condition night and day, most of the time, except in the very hottest weather. Now I hold that no bedroom is fit to sleep in that does not receive a thorough airing at least once in twenty-four hours. Not only this, but the bed itself should be thrown open as soon as the occupant leaves it in the morning, so as to let the accumulated exhalations of the night pass off from the sheets and blankets, before the bed is again slept in; and for some time before the beds are spread up, the whole room should be thrown open, and the apartment filled with fresh, pure air. Even in the coldest weather, the ventilation should not be neglected. If there is a hot current of air (pure, of course) pouring in from an open register, one can open a window or two a little at the top, and in a few minutes fill the room with fresh air. And the hot-air supply must be carefully looked after. See where the cold air that feeds it comes from, whether it is admitted directly from outdoors, or whether it is "cellar air," and none too good at that.

A single stationary wash-basin, minus proper trapping and flushing, may destroy a whole family; and it may be located in your own bedroom. And before leaving this apartment, let us look around a little and see whether there are any open slop-jars or other vessels, the exhalations from the contents of which are unfit for human beings to breathe. Common sense ought to teach us that a vessel containing an impurity should be kept closely covered until it can be carried from the room.

And then there is the attic. Everything put into it should undergo a thorough cleaning before it is taken there; and on warm, clear days, the windows should be thrown open and the place well aired.

Looking back through the house, we may find the kitchen sink and its pipes in bad condition: and I am almost afraid to open the little closet usually found below it, but which, happily, we are at last doing away with. And let us take a peep into the kitchen and dining-room closets, and find out whether there are any half-spoiled foods set to one side and forgotten; any decaying fruits or vegetables, or moldy bread, meats, gravies, etc.; or milk that is sour, or perhaps moldy. Possibly we shall find in the "cooler" a dish of fresh fruit for supper, and a bowl of stale milk beside it; or (worse yet) some nice fruit almost touching a tray of uncooked chicken or meat intended for to-morrow's dinner. I like my meats—if I have any—kept in a different compartment from the fruits, raw or cooked. In fact, I think there is room for considerable classification when we look into cupboards and "coolers."

This subject of general sanitation is a wide one, and quite as much attention is necessary to outdoor surroundings as indoor. Absolute cleanliness, everywhere, is the only surety for freedom from disease-germs, and eternal vigilance the only safeguard against the causes, accidental or carelessly overlooked, which lead to their propagation. Above all is individual hygiene essential,—simple and regular habits in all things, that the depurating organs may be kept in good condition; and if sickness does come, search for the cause, whether it be in yourself or your surroundings, rectify it, and profit by the experience.—*Susanna W. Dodds, M.D.*

## MARIA'S TROUBLE CURED.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Maria came along the shore through the clear, cool air of the Maine sea-coast summer morning Her sun-bonnet was pulled over her face; she was crying.

"Well, Maria," said her aunt, as the young woman entered, "how are you, and how is Ben?"

"Ben has gone off mad," said Maria tossing off her sun-bonnet. "He grows more and more cross every day. I begin to think I must leave him."

"Tut, tut, child! Don't talk so!" replied her aunt. "Leave him, indeed! He is your husband, remember, and a smart, good principled man he is, too, and he was a quiet, pleasant-tempered man when he lived with us. What ails him now, my dear?"

"He said he didn't know when he married me that he married a sloven," the young woman sobbed, then added spitefully, "and I didn't know that I married a scold. He is just hateful, and I will leave him, if he keeps on so."

"Maria," said her aunt gravely, "I want you to listen to me. You have complained that I seldom come to see you, to make any stop. When I stayed with you while your uncle was away, I saw how you keep your house, and I wondered how Ben brought up to such different ways, could bear it. But at that time, he was still too much in love with your pretty face to mind other things. I was sure, though, that this could not always last. Your uncle and I have often worried about you, for we saw trouble was in your future. It has begun to come, but if you will bravely and faithfully do your duty you can escape the worst of it.

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, auntie. I've tried to be a good true wife, I am sure."

"Yes, my dear. You shall be credited with that, but you must become a good, neat housekeeper, too, if you would have the respect and love of your husband. Now let me tell you how you keep house. You leave open your closet doors while you sweep; you neglect to hang clean towels on the rack; you set your milk anywhere, subject to dust and all sorts of smells; you do not keep Ben in plenty of clean clothes, well mended. His buttons are always off. He can seldom find comb or brush, nor an empty chair to sit down on. He never had a real, relishing breakfast, and his supper was when he could catch it. The dishes felt rough, and often smelled of sour dish-cloth, for you use little water; you don't scrape your dishes, not even your milk pail, that is set first in the barnyard and next into your sink. You hang your dish-cloths and wipers, unrinsed, anywhere to dry or not to dry, as they can, so that they are stiff and sour. You cook tea and coffee till they are unfit to give even to pigs, and you kill your bread and cakes with soda. In your sleeping room you have ribbons and laces and gloves and shirt-collars and stockings and combs and handkerchiefs, face paint and powder, soap and letters, brushes, wash-rags, wet towels and hair-pins, well mixed with feathers, fans, and other things, on the table, the stand, and in the drawers, while hats, mantles, and silk and muslin dresses are flung on the unmade beds. I could not stand this two weeks, Maria. How can a man brought up as Ben was, stand it for years?"

Not one word of answer made Maria, whose tears were dry, and whose bright cheeks and brighter eyes were flaming. She caught her sun-bonnet, clapped it over her eyes, and away she fled.

"Provoked enough!" said auntie, gazing smilingly after the hurrying form: "but I hope the truth will do the child good. She's a good-hearted girl, after all."

Maria made all haste home. Her first move there was to set on the stove a pot full of water. Starting the fire, she drove out the flies, brushed out and closed the closets; then, after gathering the dirty dishes in piles, she swept the floor. By this time the water was hot. When she had faithfully washed the dishes, and washed, scalded, and hung out in the yard her dish-wipers, she ran upstairs, made her bed, and set everything in the room in order, putting her husband's things all by themselves. Benjamin took his dinners away from home, so Maria had plenty of time to carry on her reform.

When he came home that evening, she had an excellent supper ready for him, and as he looked round the well-ordered room in much surprise, she, seated on the lounge, said in low tones that slightly trembled, "I mean to be a better Maria Musgrave, Ben, than I have ever yet been." His handsome face brightened like a sun-burst after a storm, as he seated himself beside her.—*New York Evangelist.*

## PRACTICAL HOME TRAINING.

When manual training with its domestic economy department of cooking and sewing was being urged as a necessary part of public school training, teachers and wise men brought forward the argument, "That it is not needful for mothers to teach these things," writes Miss Grace Dodge in a carefully prepared paper on this most important subject in the November *Ladies' Home Journal*. From every city came the answer, "Mothers do not teach these branches, and our girls are being brought up without practical household training." One summer a lady had two hundred and sixty girls from offices, stores and factories to board during two weeks' vacation. At the end of the summer she found that but nine of the number knew how to make a bed, and many of them made it a boast that they "never had made a bed in their lives." Some did not even know whether sheet or blanket should be put on first. And these were not destitute girls, but such as represent our self-respecting wage-earners—girls who were boarders, paying a fair price, and yet who were expected to make their own beds. Mothers had not trained them. There are hundreds of bright intelligent girls of fifteen, sixteen, eighteen, and even older, who have never sewed, and do not know whether a thimble should go on their thumb or forefingers. What kind of wives and mothers are they to make?

BOILED ICING.—Take one cup of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water. Boil until it strings, remove from the fire, and add the white of one egg beaten stiff. Stir all well together, flavor, and cover the cakes when it becomes cool.

## PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

This is the white winter day of his burial.
Time has set here of his toiling the span
Earthward, naught else. Cheer him out through the portal,
Heart-beat of Boston, our utmost in man!

Out in the broad open sun be his funeral,
Under the blue, for the city to see.
Over the grieving crowd mourn for him, bugle!
Churches be narrow to hold such as he.

Here on the steps of the temple he builded
Rest him a space, while the great city square
Throngs with his people, his thousands, his mourners;
Tears for his peace, and a multitude's prayer.

How comes it, think you, the town's traffic pauses
Thus at high noon? Can we wealth-mongers grieve?
Here in the sad surprise greatest America
Shows for a moment her heart on her sleeve.

She who is said to give life-blood for silver,
Proves, without show, she sets higher than gold
Just the straight manhood, clean, gentle, and fearless,
Made in God's likeness once more as of old.

Once more the crude makeshift law over proven,—
Soul pent from sin will seek God in despite;
Once more the gladder way wins revelation,—
Soul bent on God forgets evil outright.

Once more the seraph voice sounding to beauty,
Once more the trumpet tongue bidding, No fear!
Once more the new purer plan's vindication,—
Man be God's forecast, and heaven is here.

Bear him to burial, Harvard, thy hero!
Not on thy shoulders alone is he borne;
They of the burden go forth on the morrow,
Heavy and slow, through a world left forlorn.

No grief for him, for ourselves the lamenting;
What giant arm to stay courage up now?
March we a thousand file up to the city,
Fellow with fellow linked; he taught us how!

Never dismayed at the dark or the distance!
Never deployed for the steep or the storm!
Hear him say, "Hold fast, the night wears to morning!
This God of promise is God to perform."

Up with thee, heart of fear, high as the heaven!
Thou hast known one wore this life without stain.
What if for thee and me,—street, Yard, or Common,—
Such a white captain appear not again!

Fight on alone! Let the faltering spirit
Within thee recall how he carried a host,
Rearward and van, as Wind shoulders a dust heap.
One Way till strife be done, strive each his most.

Take the last vesture of beauty upon thee,
Thou doubting world; and with not an eye dim,
Say, when they ask if thou knowest a Saviour,
"Brooks was His brother, and we have known him."

—*N. Y. Independent.*

## MISS BROWN'S LITTLE GIRLS.

BY ANNIE E. WILSON.

Only a plain little woman such as one meets any day on the streets of our crowded cities, with scarcely a passing glance, and yet if you had paused to speak to Miss Brown she would have looked up with clear, bright eyes and a smile that was sweet and winning, though it vanished into lines of patience, and left behind an impression of hopeless submission to inevitable drudgery.

"Life does seem hardly worth living," she was saying to herself that summer day, "when its sole aim is to keep soul and body together. Food to eat and clothes to wear, and for that I must toil and strive and plan. What was I born for, I wonder, and why need I live any longer!"

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"Miss Brown, mamma wants to see you," chirped a sweet child voice, its owner running down to the gate to stop her. "She says, won't you come in a moment?"

It was one of the houses where Miss Brown sewed for a living, spring and fall. So she went in as requested and made an engagement for the next day. This relieved her anxiety for the bread and meat of several weeks to come, though it meant hard work and tired evenings, with sometimes aching back and head.

Once Miss Brown had had a home with father, mother and sisters. Even when they were all gone, she was still mistress of the little farm, and though alone, had managed very well with the old trusted servants, born and raised on the place, but somehow, being only a woman, it had all slipped through her fingers into the hands of the lawyers and a distant relative. Then she had come to the city to try to make a living, and the hard struggle of mere existence had left small leisure for anything besides. Her religion went with all the rest. Not once had she entered a city church. If her conscience had aught to say about it, she answered its upbraidings with the well-worn excuse of "nothing to wear," and easily persuaded herself that this and her dread of going into a strange church fully justified her.

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"I wish you would go with me just this once," said Mrs. Sedden, when Wednesday night came.

The same invitation had often been given before, for Mrs. Sedden was not too proud and selfish to show sympathy and Christian interest in those in her employ. She was so unusually urgent this time that Miss Brown could not very well refuse; so she went.

"Man proposes, God disposes." Mrs. Sedden was filled with uneasy regret when she found a stranger in the pulpit, still more when it proved to be a missionary talk.

She had so hoped for a simple, earnest appeal to lead this poor soul to Christ. She did not know it was God's own message for the lonely, loveless heart.

"Why go! why send your money to heathen lands! do you ask? Ah, I carry in my pocket a little piece of paper which answers the question so well that whenever I look at it I wish I were a thousand men, every one ready to go."

He held up in sight of all a diagram giving the proportion of heathen and nominal Christians in the world.

"So many millions in the blackness of paganism, and only one tiny white spot—one million as yet rescued from its gloom."

His face was full of the earnestness of absolute sincerity and thorough consecration. Some who listened may have found nothing extraordinary in him or in what he said, but Miss Brown, who had gone without any expectation of being interested, was not only lifted out of her indifference, but carried along by his enthusiasm, and a little seed was dropped into her heart. At first it was only a question: "Is there anything I can do to help increase that little white square of human souls?" The seedling was near being blown away immediately by a counter question of doubt and unbelief: "Why think of it when I can scarcely manage to keep soul and body together?"

Nevertheless it had sunk too deep already to be lightly disposed of, and all the way home it was stirring within her like some living thing taking root. As she moved about her empty, silent room queer little Chinese, Hindu and African faces peered at her from the blank walls pleading to be loved and helped.

Forgetful of the day's work and weariness Miss Brown sat out a long thoughtful hour before her meagre fire. An unwonted brightness shone out through her face at last and diffused itself through every movement as she roused herself to prepare for bed, murmuring: "It will be something to live for anyhow," and then for the first time for a long while she was not too tired to say her prayers, just one simple petition sent up with childlike faith.

Father, I am no better than a heathen myself, but help me to do something for those who are worse off than I, who know not of the Saviour whom I have forgotten.

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Mrs. Sedden was surprised, a few days after, when Miss Brown picked up a missionary magazine and asked if she might carry it home to read, but the quiet face gave no encouragement to questioning, so the little woman carried her secret away with her and talked it all out to herself, as she ran rapidly through the magazine with eyes that sought some particular item.

"Twenty-four dollars to support a little Chinese girl at school," she exclaimed in exultant tones, "about fifty cents a week, surely I could save that much."

Then pencil and paper went to work to count up the absolute necessaries and see where the fifty cents could come from.

The result was evidently satisfactory, for the next move was to take from the bottom of her trunk a pretty little plush box, one of her few relics of former days. "This shall be my bank," she said, trying the key in the lock.

A year passes, and Miss Brown is hurrying home one Saturday night with a spring in her step and a light in her eye you have never seen before.

She carries in her pocket the last instalment of her twenty-four dollars. The letter is written, has been for weeks, all but the date, and directed to the Secretary of Foreign Missions, asking permission to assume the support of a little girl in a China mission school, and Monday morning on her way to work she will get the money order and send it off.

To think of her being able to do it! Nor has she missed the half-dollars so very much.

"Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly." Miss Brown's Bible readings had not been very regular or systematic, for she was too hurried in the morning and too tired and sleepy at night. She had no idea from what part of the Bible the words came but she knew she was one of the people it meant, and when she sat down to supper it almost seemed as if there were a little olive-skinned girl opposite her, somebody to love, and that really belonged to her.

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Time creeps on, adding month to month, year to year. Miss Brown still goes her round, making the pretty clothes for other people, whose money buys her bread and meat and simple wardrobe. But the part she earns does something besides, that sweetens all the toil and takes the bitterness out of her hard life. Instead of the all-aloneness that once marked her so pathetically, there is always a brisk, cheery way about her, and a quiet happy smile on her face as if something pleasant awaited her at home.

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Let us follow her this Christmas eve as she wends her way homeward, her smile deepening at every step. It is not because Mrs. Sedden has invited her to take Christmas dinner with them, though she fully appreciates her kindness, nor has she any suspicion of a daintily laden basket awaiting her in that little third story room. Under her arm she carries an odd-looking bundle which may have something to do with it.

"When bonnet and wrappings are put away, a small fire kindled in the stove and the coffee made, she sits down with the bundle in her hand and three or four pictures rescued from the children's clippings at Mrs. Sedden's. She looked at them one by one with real fondness, and then proceeded to open her bundle. It contained a bunch of oat straw and a skein of bright worsted.

"I actually did go and buy myself a Christmas gift, but it was not very extravagant, was it?" she said as if speaking to the picture of a Chinese girl, which she singled from the rest as her oldest pet, and carefully smoothing out the dogs-eared corners and rubbing regretfully at the finger-printed edges, she proceeded to frame it with the oat straw, leaving the heads for ornament and tying at the corners with the zephyr, talking all the while to "dear little Ahlan" as if this common print from a tea advertisement had been her real photograph.

Next came a small, dark-faced daughter of India, looking at her with large, languid eyes. "My little Hindu," Miss Brown murmured, as she decorated her in similar manner, "how I would like to kiss those very lips."

Last, but not least, was a little Mexican girl. It is true these pictures were but scraps picked from trash gatherings, but to Miss Brown they represented three real little girls, to whom her earnings secured the privileges of a mission school, and so when she had hung them up on the wall in a pretty group, it was not only that the gay flecks of brightness standing out from the dingy surface gave the weary eyes something to rest upon, but each individual face was as a living presence to the heart-hungry woman, and her one-plate supper became a feast of love with her precious little girls.

She was never too sleepy or tired to pray now, and the burden of her desires was their salvation, her sweetest hope to meet them all in heaven at last, and present them with joy to her Lord and Master, saying: "Behold, I and the children which God hath given me."

## RICH IN HER POVERTY.

As I was crossing the ferry from New York to Hoboken, one day in the early spring, I recognized an old acquaintance in the person of a German woman who was carrying a large market basket.

Her face told the life full of hardship and privation which had been her lot, and and yet there was an expression of peace and joy which spoke of some hidden spring within. I had known her in the darkest hour of her trial, when her husband, who was a mason by trade, had been brought home a cripple; when her children were crying for food, and she had not known where to turn for "daily bread." Yet her faith had never wavered, and had carried her triumphantly through all her trials.

I had lost sight of her for some time, and was glad to meet her again. After asking for her welfare, and hearing that she was now comfortable in the home of one of her sons, I said "Well, Mrs. B——, you have an advantage over me in one thing. You have known what it is to be very poor, and can feel for those who suffer from want, more, perhaps, than I can, who have always had a dollar in my pocket."

Her reply was: "But I have never been so very poor. I have always had food and clothing."

"Yes," I said, "but you have known what it was to be cold and hungry, I remember when you were picking up coals on the railway, and did not know where to find the next morsel to put into your children's mouths."

She sat silent for a while, and then, looking up, she said: "I think, sir, that perhaps you feel more sorry for the sufferings of the poor than I do. You, who have never had to suffer in that way, think that want and misery are too dreadful, and cannot be borne. I, who have been through it all, know that they can. There are troubles worse than that, and our heavenly Father is caring for us just as much when we are hungry as when he gives us plenty."

She had prayed for "daily bread" for spiritual strength as well as for bodily need, and her prayer had been answered.

I looked at her in speechless wonder. Toiling early and late, amid sickness and sorrow, for the bare necessaries of life, as I knew she had done, suffering agonies of body and mind as few of us could imagine it possible that we could suffer and live, her faith had risen above it all.

To her, human misery seemed as nothing when compared to the higher spiritual life which she had attained. She had found the "true bread which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world."

## A STORY OF OLD TIMES.

A young Englishwoman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in a quiet part of the town where there were sentinels placed. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth to leave his post and go fetch it himself.

The ladies walked on much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them at all, but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, leaving her party, procured some water and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did.

Some of her companions blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier, but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the soldier contrived on the night of the massacre to save the Englishwoman while the others in the house were killed.—*Alliance News.*

DISTANT VIEW OF CORINTH.

## CORINTH.

Seven limestone columns are all that remain of the city which the sage Periander ruled under the name of Corinth, whose art treasuries Mummius rifled, and whose streets echoed to the voice and footsteps of the Apostle of the Gentiles. These columns are of the Doric order, and are overlaid with a coat of stucco. They manifestly belonged to an ancient temple, but it is impossible to guess to whom the temple was dedicated. These seven columns are shown in our illustration. As we wander over the ridge of the isthmus on which these columns stand, we see how great an advantage Corinth had, "double seaed Corinth," as Horace, called her, in carrying on the commerce of the day. Without doubling the southern capes, one of which, ancient Sunium, now Colonna, was the scene of Falconer's "Shipwreck," the Greek mariners could start for Brindisium or Ephesus. In those days the southern voyage round the Peloponnesus was a very serious matter indeed. But the isthmus has very interesting associations. Even to-day it is overgrown with the ground-pine, out of which the wreaths were woven to deck the brows of Isthmian victors. Pindar sings of these games, and gives Neptune an exclusive share in their glory when he says,

". . . he who wields the trident's might,
His course to sea-beat Isthmus bent,
And with his golden coursers' flight
Hither great Æacus he sent
To view from Corinth's lofty brow
His solemn festival below."

To Christians a great interest attaches to the Isthmian games, because St. Paul undoubtedly had them in mind when he wrote those magnificent words in which he compares the training and struggle of a Christian to the training and struggle of an athlete. That famous passage contains many technical terms of the ring, the track, and the training school, and shows at once the versatility and the tact of the great apostle. The Isthmian games were well known in Athens at the time of Solon. All Athenians who gained prizes at these games received a hundred drachmæ from the public purse.

But the glory of Corinth since that time has utterly passed away. Now Corinth has scarcely a single object of antiquarian interest. It is a village of modern dwellings, duly whitewashed, and stands on the eastern shore of the isthmus. Then one must recollect that daily trains start from Corinth to Athens. O shades of the ancient Greeks, what a change does this imply! Then here are Greek newsboys who cry through the Corinthian station and sell Athenian dailies.

What a mighty mutation since the days when Delphi was an oracle, and Parnassus the abode of Apollo! From Corinth Parnassus is still seen, with its double-headed summit, though Sophocles could no longer see hovering there the nimbus of a present deity. All that remains of the great port of Corinth is a ruin of broken moles, and disjected masonry. Yet here was the city where, in the pride of intellect and wealth, those contentious converts of St. Paul dwelt in their worldly exaltation and were inclined to look upon the Syrian Jew with his Greek sympathies as "a fool." The enchantment of Grecian scenery, the power of Greek poetry, the living force of Greek philosophy still keep their hold upon the memory and the homage of mankind. But the traveller over Greek ruins and the visitor of Greek harbors meets with nothing but desolation. One comfort is that the sky and the shore still retain their ancient glory. The cultivated wanderer can still restore in imagination the cities that have vanished, and the poetry and literature of these glorious places still survive as an imperishable and priceless legacy to the world of to-day.—*Churchman.*

## "A LITTLE FUN."

Mr. B——, the owner of large manufactories in a Pennsylvania town, was lately showing a visitor over the works, and came at last to a building containing a gymnasium, reading rooms, baths, and a comfortable, large apartment, well lighted and warmed, and fitted up with different games, for the use of the workingmen.

"How did you come to build this house?" asked the visitor. "It was not there five years ago."

"No," was the reply. "It all grew out of a 'spree' of one of the furnace-men. He was a honest, well-meaning fellow, whose only work was to shovel coal—hot, heavy work enough.

"One day Jem was missing. The next he was arrested in a drunken fight, and was sent to jail. When he came out, I sent for him. 'How did this happen?' I said. 'I dunno, sir,' he answered; 'I'm not a drinking man. But I got wake an' tired of the coal. I wanted a little fun. The room where I bunked was as hot as a furnace—so—I went on a spree. I was mighty tired of the coals, ir, year in an' year out.'

"I sent Jem back to the coal, and then put a few questions to myself.

"When I 'got wake an' tired' of the routine of work, I did not have to go to a stifling bunk to sleep, or to whiskey for relief.

"The writers, the painters, the composers of all ages had found a thousand ways to soothe or stimulate my overworked body and jaded brain; or I could afford to turn my back on work, and run away to a neighboring city, or to the woods and fields, for the 'little fun' which every man ought to have to keep his brain and body sound. Jem had none of these things.

"I thought I owed him something. I talked to the other manufacturers, and this house is the result."

Christians in this country are beginning to perceive that their duty to their brother begins by helping him before he commits crime. How can we, at ease in our respectable lives, pray to God to lead us not into temptation, if we leave our weaker brother struggling with it face to face?

## THE BOY WITH THE CHESTNUT HAIR.

Among the brilliant speakers at the late Christian Workers' Convention in Boston, was a lady connected for several years with rescue work in Chicago. She has met with many remarkable experiences. One incident told us as we sat together in our quiet home, I will give in her own language:

I came to my office one Saturday afternoon after three days' work outside the city, utterly exhausted and depressed in soul and body. Upon my desk was an accumulation of the three days' mail. My first thought was to look them over as the next day was the Sabbath and I could do nothing till Monday. But my weariness was so great that I opened the drawer of the desk and swept them all in, all but the last one. Something in the address attracted my attention. I opened it to find that it was from a poor mother in Cincinnati who was distressed about her boy who had run away from home. She was an utter stranger to me and only knew me as connected with the Mission. With all the heartache of a mother's love she pleaded with me to find her boy, who she supposed was in Chicago. She said: "My boy has chestnut hair and blue eyes and is dressed in brown clothes. Oh, do find him!"

I smiled to myself and thought, "Poor mother! to suppose for a moment that I could search out an unknown, strange boy in this vast city." Something about the letter, so pathetic and so appealing, compelled my attention. I leaned upon my desk and cried out: "Oh, my God, Thou knowest where the boy with the chestnut hair and blue eyes is. Thou knowest I cannot find him, but if he is in this city, and if I can assist him and ease the aching heart of the mother and rescue the lost one, Oh, send him to me." Laying aside the letter I closed the desk and went home.

On Monday morning, strengthened and refreshed, I opened my desk and the pitious appeal of the Ohio mother was before me. Again I uttered the prayer, "If the boy with the blue eyes and the brown clothes is in this city, Oh my God, send him to me." Then I resumed my work.

While thus engaged I heard a tap on the door behind me. Without turning, as callers were frequent, I said, "Come in." The knocks continued and mechanically I replied, "Come in." After a little I was conscious of someone standing beside my chair. Lifting my eyes from my writing I saw the lad with the chestnut hair, the blue eyes and the brown clothes and I knew that the petition to send the boy to me had been answered. I said, "Good morning," in a pleasant tone, and added, "What can, I do for you?"

In a hesitating way he told me his story as given me by his mother.

I replied, "Well, Charlie, I have just received a letter from your mother," and handed the missive to him.

Greatly surprised he began to read and I quietly resumed my writing. Soon I heard the great sobbing of the repentant boy. We sat down and I talked with him of mother and home, of God and duty. All that the homesick prodigal asked was for a chance to earn money enough to return. A place was found for him and soon, with a radiant face and truly penitent heart, he appeared with the railway ticket honestly earned on his way to the waiting mother.

In the meantime I had written her that her boy Charlie with the chestnut hair and the blue eyes and the brown clothes, had been found, not only by an earthly friend but by One who came to seek and to save the lost. A few days later I received a letter from mother and son expressing their gratitude and joy, not alone to me but to him who says, "Ask and ye shall receive," and who so wonderfully answers prayer.—*By Mrs. S. E. Bridgman., in Congregationalist.*

## WORTH TAKING.

The pledge of the band of mercy is worth pondering and taking—as it has been by eight hundred thousand members in America: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." *Our Dumb Animals*, the organ of the "Massachusetts society for the prevention of cruelty to animals," is doing a noble work by cultivating sympathy, mercy and kindness for the suffering and abused brute creation.

TEMPLE RUINS OF CORINTH.

## MY JOHNNY COCKHORSES.

*(In Youth's Companion.)*

In the year 1875 I was spending the months of September and October with my brother in Washington. All the birds of passage had flown elsewhere; the lawmakers had not yet assembled; the weather was perfect, and out of office hours we wandered happily about the uncrowded capital of the country.

My brother was a lone bachelor of tender years. He had taken for me two charming rooms opposite his boarding-place. Here my two babies, their nurse and I enjoyed every minute of the day.

Every day my brother came home with some new treasure for me or the children,—flowers, fruit or toys;—so that I was not at all surprised one day when I was in the back room to hear him come in and call out:

"Katy, come here quick! I've got something for you."

I hurried in to find him sitting by the table trying to shake something gently out of a small cigar-box. He looked up as I came in.

"I'm afraid she did not like the smell of the tobacco," he said. "She's all doubled up. I hope she isn't dead."

At that moment "she" tumbled out on the table, stretched her long neck, and gazed about in a manner not at all suggestive of death.

She was a slender, curious little green creature, such as I had never before seen. Those who have read Mrs. Miller's "Little Lady in Green" have her exact pen-portrait. She is called the praying mantis.

She turned her small cocked-hat of a head up, and looked at us in a way that was almost uncanny.

"One of the men at the office found it on a rosebush out at the Soldier's Home yesterday," my brother explained, "and I begged it for you. It eats flies—catches them and tucks them under its arm. I don't know what her proper name is. Our chief calls her a Pharisee, because she always appeared to be praying, and yet it's plain that the praying is only a form."

Of course the next thing was to catch some flies, and present them to the "pharisaical" young person. After some coquetting, she received them graciously, pulling off first the wings, then the legs, then the head, and keeping the body for a delicious last morsel.

We were still plying her with flies and she was growing quite friendly, when my Southern cousin Will arrived upon the scene with a "Hello! Where did you get your Johnny cockhorse?"

He told us they were old friends of his South Carolina boyhood, and added, "The negro children used to tame them—make pets of them. They say they learn to know their names."

Names! What a delightful thought! Our Pharisee was christened Peter Maria on the spot—"Peter" by me in honor of Dame Hicket's immortal cricket, "Maria" by my little daughter for some reasons best know to four-years-old.

Will could not give us a detailed account of the taming process carried on by the South Carolina negro children, but he had a vague idea that "they tickled them."

So I took the little creature in my hand and stroked it very gently on its closely folded wings and down its long, slender, green neck. I was obliged to perform the latter operation with a pen handle, for my finger was much too large and clumsy for the delicate work.

At first she struggled, but after a time she lay perfectly still on my palm, evidently enjoying the operation. At last I could put her down and take her up again, turn her on her back or her stomach, and when I brushed her with a feather from the little duster she would move her long neck about as if perfectly happy.

When night came, my cousin advised that she be shut up in the cigar-box. But my affections were already sufficiently interested to make me protest against filling her substitutes for lungs with nicotine poison. So we left her on the table, free and untrammelled.

I was so anxious about her, though, that I rose twice in the night to see if she were safe. In the morning we found her perched on some flowers in a vase, and never, during her short life, did she ask for a more congenial home.

Each day found me more intimate with my small green pet. I continued the taming process, constantly repeating "Peter Maria" while I smoothed and stroked her. Unless she was very hungry she refused to take flies from any one else, but would always take them from my fingers.

Her taming progressed so rapidly that in three days, if I left my hand open on the table, she would mount into it. In five days when I called her she would come to my hand, and if I did not take her promptly she would rub her three-cornered head against my fingers, coaxing me to pet her. I had owned Peter Maria about a week, and she seemed almost as important as the babies, when I received a contribution to my family in the shape of three more "Peters"—a gentlemen and his bigamous household. These had been captured for me on the banks of the Potomac.

I cannot say that these new people were ever really rivals of my dear Maria, though I received them kindly and gave them a home among my roses and ferns. But they evidently belonged to a lower class than my Pharisee.

Neither "Peter Ann" nor "Peter Jane" was as large or as delicately green as Peter Maria, and as for "Mr. Peter," why he was as unpleasant a dried-up little brown specimen of a Mormon as I have ever had anything to do with.

It was a great trial to me to see how graciously my pet received this unworthy suitor; for such he declared himself at once. After a day or two, the former wives were quite afraid to come on the same side of the roses.

"Mr. Peter" did not make any effort to support himself. He had always I should judge, occupied the proud position in his family of an Indian warrior, accustomed to having his women folks wait upon him.

Even my dear Maria would hurry away from my fondling hand to catch a fly for this ill-tempered, insignificant little snuff-colored bridegroom. He would take the fly, and eat it, hap-hazard, head-first without the least evidence of gratitude.

One morning, when I had been engrossing Maria's attention for some time, Peter Jane took advantage of her opportunity, came around the roses, and with an air of conciliation, presented her faithless spouse with a particularly large and tempting fly.

He took it ungraciously, I have no doubt. While he was devouring it, and Jane was looking on enraptured, Maria appeared.

She did not waste one minute, but flew, or rather sprang at Jane, seized her in a strong embrace, squeezed and bit her viciously, and as soon as she was quite dead, pulled off her head and devoured it. Then Maria presented a leg of the fallen rival to the widower, who, I blush to say, took it without reluctance and ate it.

After that Ann never even peeped round the corner. But I think Maria's soul had been disgusted by her easy conquest, and that she never quite forgave Peter for eating Jane's leg. One day she pounced upon him, I cannot say for what provocation, tore a large hole in his abdomen, and so killed him.

Then Ann appeared from her place of concealment. It mattered nothing to the faithful creature that she had been cast off and discarded. She came close to the dead body of the Johnny cockhorse she had once loved, and mourned over his untimely fate.

Never again did Ann eat a fly. For two days she was coaxed and petted, but to no avail. The third morning we found her shrunken and dead, lying on her back by the side of her unburied husband. Marion dug one grave for the two in the tiny courtyard below the window.

Now once more my Maria reigned alone. By prompt obedience and charming antics, she endeavored to banish from our minds her cruel deeds. When I wrote my daily letter, she would walk over my paper, or mount the penhandle, grasping it with her legs, and letting himself be carried on it to and fro. She would sit on my finger, or very daintily on the top of my ear.

Once, to the great amusement of the children behind me, I wore her to church as a hat decoration, never knowing it till I reached home, and found my family waiting timidly to inform me that, as they supposed, my Maria had escaped.

One night, after an impromptu party, some one had left an empty beer bottle on the table, with a little beer spilled by its side. In the morning I found Maria deaf to my calls. When at last she was persuaded to come, she hunched herself up, declined to be touched and lost two flies that were presented to her.

At last she sat in a heap, with her comical little head on one side, the most painful and ludicrous specimen of an inebriated Johnny cockhorse that one could possibly imagine.

The next day she was as cheerful as ever, sat on the rim of the bottle, ate an unusually hearty breakfast, and when I drove out to the arsenal I left her at her liveliest and best. When we returned, a couple of hours later, I was greeted with wails from Marion and her little cousins.

"O Cousin Katy," and "O mamma," they cried in concert, "Peter Maria has busted! See! She ate seventeen flies—and the last two she ate so slowly we thought maybe she was sick. Just as Benjie was going to give her another beautiful one—she busted!"

Alas! it was true. I spare you the details. But the children were quite right; she had burst.

I covered her unsightly remains with rose leaves, and I am not quite sure that my eyes were entirely dry.—*Kate Woodbridge Michaelis.*

## APRIL FOOL.

BY PANSY.

*(Concluded.)*

There came a bright spring day toward the close of April, and they went to the woods together, Aleck and his sister Trudie, and her dear friend, Lora Greenwell. Young Willis Stone happened to be at the woods on that same afternoon, and, as they rested on the ground, he jumped a mossy log, and sat down beside them. He was older than they, but a very good friend of theirs for all that. He had news to tell.

"There's a jolly plan afoot," he began, pulling tufts of moss and tossing them at Trudie, by way of amusement, while he talked.

"There's to be a May party, don't you think! A real, old-fashioned, jolly time. All the boys in the first grade are to be asked, and all the girls in Miss Nelson's class; so that takes in all of you, doesn't it? There's to be games, and a May-pole, of course, and a regular old supper on the lawn, and a magic-lantern in the evening. What do you think of that?"

"Who gets it up? Where is it?" said girls and boys in the same breath.

"But there's the funniest 'if' to be put in the invitations," went on Willis, paying no attentions to their questions. "They are to be printed on real note paper, and gotten up in style; but they're to say that every boy is put on his honor—I suppose the girls are too, or else he thinks they are above needing it, but I don't—some of 'em. Well, they are to think over everything they said and did on the first day of April, and the boy who told a lie for fun, or did a mean thing for fun, is on his honor as a gentleman to decline the invitation. Now, did you ever hear the like of that! Luckily, it doesn't put me out, for my father is awful strict about such things; how is it with you?"

Aleck looked gloomy, and both of the girls stared hard at him.

"I'm safe, so far as the lying goes; I don't tell lies," he said, quickly; "but about the meanness; well, I don't know; there's that one scrape; I can't say as I think there was anything so dreadful mean about it; it's given us lots of trouble; I think we ought to stand about square on that; I don't know what the other boys will think, but it seems to me we won't be obliged to say that it was exactly mean."

"What was it all? I was away, you know; and I only know the story in snatches."

"Why, you see—" began Aleck, but just then Trudie made her ringing voice heard:

"Do, for pity's sake, Willis, tell us where this wonderful party is to be. If we girls are to come in, we might at least be allowed to know who gets it up."

"Didn't I tell you?" asked Willis, good-naturedly. "Why, it's Judge Markham; the old judge, you know. The party is to be up in his grounds; that's a prime place for a party, and the judge does things up in style, I tell you."

Aleck gave a long, loud, disappointed whistle. "It's all up with me," he said, "and with the rest of those fools who helped me; we can't go."

"Why not? You say it wasn't mean."

"Oh, well, you see, why it was the old judge himself; the law papers were his, you know, and of course we can't go to his party; he remembers the whole story."

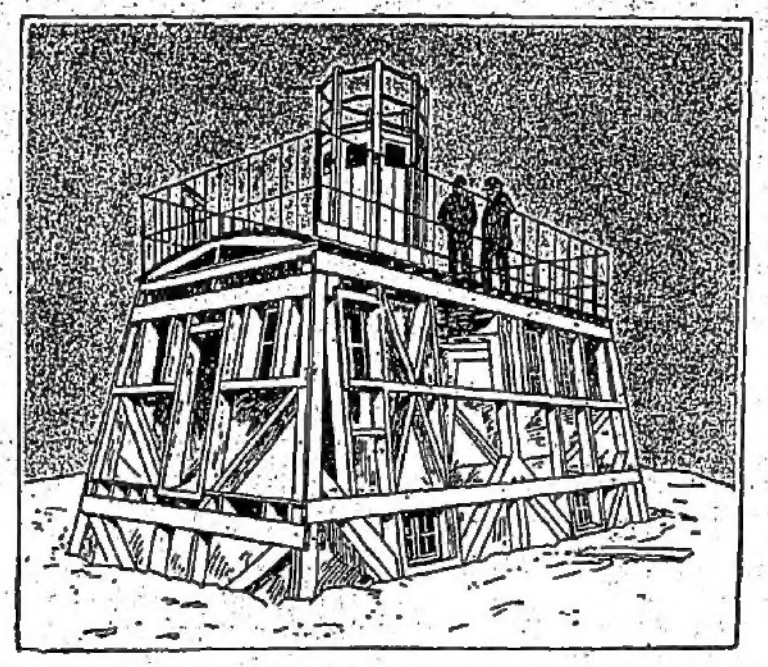
"But, Aleck," persisted Trudie, "what of it, so long as you don't think it was a mean thing to do? What difference does it make because the party is at Judge Markham's?"

"Oh, dear!" said Aleck, shaking himself, "girls are such muffs! Of course it makes a difference; we can't go, and that's the whole of it; and I hope there won't be another April fool in forty years; let's go home." And the May party came off, and those four boys got their elegant, gilt-edged invitations, and stayed at home, every one of them! But to this day those two girls can't understand, since the boys were sure that their April performance was not mean, why they could none of them appear at Judge Markham's! Can you?

## POVERTY AND LIQUOR.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who knows Boston so thoroughly, and who always speaks so judiciously, says:—

"I like to put myself on record also as saying that all the poverty, all the crime, and all the vice which attract public attention in Boston among what we call the poorer classes, may be ascribed to the free use of intoxicating liquors. I have said a hundred times, and I am willing to say it again, that if anybody will take charge of all the poverty and crime which result from drunkenness, the South Congregational Church, of which I have the honor to be the minister, will alone take charge of all the rest of the poverty which needs 'out-door relief' in the city of Boston."—*Zion's Herald.*



THE HIGHEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD: THE MONT BLANC OBSERVATORY.

## AN OBSERVATORY ON MONT BLANC.

M. Janssen, a distinguished French astronomer, is superintending the construction of an observatory at the top of the highest peak of Mont Blanc. The building was first set up at Meudon to make sure that it was perfect, and last spring it was taken apart, the pieces were carefully numbered, and the material for the new observatory was carried up to the top of Mont Blanc on the backs of porters. Not all the material has yet reached the final stage, but some of it is 15,000 feet above the sea-level, and the rest 10,000 feet. Work was suspended, of course, at the beginning of winter, but it will begin again in the spring, and if all goes well the observatory will be finished by October of this year. The cut shows the present stage of construction.

There are some queer things about this observatory aside from its elevation. Its dome will be made of aluminium; and its promoter, besides being seventy years old, is a cripple, and has to be dragged up the mountain in a chair of his own invention. Consequently the journeys are accomplished at considerable personal risk to the astronomer. M. Janssen was one of those who escaped from Paris in a balloon during the siege. In this exciting aerial trip, which ended by the sea-shore near Nantes, he carried with him, carefully packed, a great telescope which he had had specially constructed for him.

## TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE XVI.

*The New Homestead.*

TIMOTHY'S QUEST IS ENDED, AND SAMANTHA SAYS "COME ALONG DAVE!"

"Jabe Slocum! Do you know it's goin' n seven o'clock 'n' not a single chore done?"

Jabe yawned, turned over, and listened to Samantha's unwelcome voice, which (considerably louder than the voice of conscience) came from the outside world to disturb his delicious morning slumbers.

"Jabe Slocum! Do you hear me?"

"Hear you? Gorry! you'd wake the seven sleepers if they was any whar within ear-shot!"

"Well, will you git up?"

"Yes, I'll git up if you're goin' to hev a brash 'bout it, but I wish you hedn't waked me so awful suddent. 'Don't ontwist the mornin' glory' 's my motto. Wait a spell 'n' the sun 'll do it, 'n' save a heap o' wear 'n' tear besides. Go 'long; I'll get up."

"I've heerd that story afore, 'n' I won't go 'long tell I hear you footstep on the floor."

"Scoot! I tell yer I'll be out in a jiffy."

"Yes, I think I see yer. Your jiffies are consid'able like golden opportunities, there ain't more 'n one of 'em in a lifetime!" and having shot this Parthian arrow Samantha departed, as one having done her duty in that humble sphere of action to which it had pleased Providence to call her.

These were beautiful autumn days at the White Farm. The orchards were gleaming, the grapes hung purple on the vines, and the odor of ripening fruit was in the hazy air. The pink spirea had cast its feathery petals by the gray stone walls, but the welcome golden-rod bloomed in royal profusion along the brown waysides, and a crimson leaf hung here and there in the tree-tops, just to give a hint of the fall styles in color. Heaps of yellow pumpkins and squashes lay in the corners of the fields; cornstalks bowed their heads beneath the weight of ripened ears; beans threatened to burst through their yellow pods; the sound of the threshing machine was heard in the land; and the "hull univarse wanted to be waited on to once," according to Jabe Slocum; for, as he affirmed, "Yer couldn't ketch up with your work nohow, for if yer set up nights 'n' worked Sundays, the craps 'd ripen 'n' go to seed on yer 'fore yer could git 'em harvested!"

And if there was peace and plenty without there was quite as much within doors.

"I can't hardly tell what's the matter with me these days," said Samantha Ann to Miss Vilda, as they sat peeling and slicing apples for drying. "My heart has felt like a stun these last years, and now all to once it's so soft I'm ashamed of it. Seems to me there never was such a summer! The hay never smelt so sweet, the birds never sang so well, the currants never jellied so hard! Why I can't kick the cat, though she's more everlastin'ly under foot 'n ever, 'n' pretty soon I shan't have sprawl enough to jaw Jabe Slocum. I b'lieve it's nothin' in the world but them children! They keep a runnin' after me, 'n' it's dear Samanthy here, 'n' dear Samanthy there, jest as if I warn't a hombly old maid; 'n' they take holt o' my hands on both sides o' me, 'n' won't stir a step tell I go to see the chickens with 'em, 'n' the pig, 'n' one thing 'n' 'nother, 'n' clappin' their hands when I make 'em gingerbread men! And that reminds me, I see the school-teacher goin' down along this mornin' 'n' I run out to see how Timothy was gittin' along in his studies. She says he's the most ex-traordi-nary scholar in this deestrick. She says he takes holt of every book she gives him jest as if 'twas reviewin' 'stid o' the first time over. She says when he speaks pieces, Friday afternoons, all the rest o' the young ones set there with their jaws hangin', 'n' some of 'em laughin' 'n' cryin' 't the same time. She says we'd oughter see some of his comp'sitions, 'n' she'll show us some as soon as she gits 'em back from her beau that works at the Waterbury Watch Factory, and they're goin to be married 's quick as she gits money enough saved up to buy her weddin' close; 'n' I told her not to put it off too long or she'd hev her close on her hands, 'stid of her back. She says Timothy's at the head of the hull class, but, land! there ain't a boy in it that knows enough to git his close on right sid' out. She's a splendid teacher, Miss Boothby is! She tell me the seeleck men hev raised her pay to four dollars a week 'n' she to board herself, 'n' she's wuth every cent of it. I like to see folks well paid that's got the patience to set in doors 'n' cram information inter young ones that don't care no more 'bout learnin' 'n' a shunk-blackbird. She give me Timothy's writin' book for you to see what he writ in it yesterday, 'n' she hed to keep him in 't recess 'cause he didn't copy. 'Go to the ant thou sluggard and be wise,' as he'd oughter. Now let's see what 't is. My grief! it's poetry sure's you're born. I can tell it in a minute 'cause it don't come out to the aidge o' the book one side or the other. Read it out loud, Vildy."

"'Oh! the White Farm and the White Farm!
I love it with all my heart;
And I'm to live at the White Farm,
Till death it do us part.'"

Miss Vilda lifted her head, intoxicated with the melody she had evoked. "Did you ever hear anything like that," she exclaimed proudly.

"'Oh! the White Farm and the White Farm!
I love it with all my heart;
And I'm to live at the White Farm,
Till death it do us part.'"

"Just hear the sent'ment of it, and the way it sings along like a tune. I'm goin' to show that to the minister this very night, and that boy's got to have the best education there is to be had if we have to mortgage the farm."

Samantha Ann was right. The old homestead wore a new aspect these days, and a love of all things seemed to have crept into the hearts of its inmates, as if some beneficent fairy of a spider were spinning a web of tenderness all about the house, or as if a soft light had dawned in the midst of great darkness and was gradually brightening into the perfect day.

In the midst of this new-found gladness and the sweet cares that grew and multiplied as the busy days went on, Samantha's appetite for happiness grew by what it fed upon, so that before long she was a little unhappy that other people (some more than others) were not as happy as she; and Aunt Hitty was heard to say at the sewing-circle (which had facilities for gathering and disseminating news infinitely superior to those of the Associated Press), that Samantha Ann Ripley looked so peart and young this summer, Dave Milliken had better spunk up and try again.

But, alas! the younger and fresher and happier Samantha looked, the older and sadder and meeker David appeared, till all hopes of his "spunking up" died out of the village heart; and, it might as well be stated, out of Samantha's also. She always thought about it at sundown, for it was at sundown that all their quarrels and reconciliations had taken place, inasmuch as it was the only leisure time for week-day courting at Pleasant River.

It was sundown now; Miss Vilda and Jabez Slocum had gone to Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, and Samantha was looking for Timothy to go to the store with her on some household errands. She had seen the children go into the garden a half hour before, Timothy walking gravely, with his book before him, Gay blowing over the grass like a feather, and so she walked towards the summer-house.

Timothy was not there, but little Lady Gay was having a party all to herself, and the scene was such a pretty one that Samantha stooped behind the lattice and listened.

There was a table spread for four, with bits of broken china and shells for dishes, and pieces of apple and gingerbread for the feast. There were several dolls present (notably one without any head, who was not likely to shine at a dinner party), but Gay's first-born sat in her lap; and only a mother could have gazed upon such a battered thing and loved it. For Gay took her pleasures mildly, and this faithful creature had shared them all; but not having inherited her mother's somewhat rare recuperative powers, she was now fit only for a free bed in a hospital,—a state of mind and body which she did not in the least endeavor to conceal. One of her shoe-button eyes dangled by a linen thread in a blood-curdlitg sort of a way; her nose, which had been a pink glass bead, was now a mere spot, ambiguously located. Her red worsted lips were sadly ravelled, but that she did not regret, "for it was kissin' as done it." Her yarn hair was attached to her head with safety-pins, and her internal organs intruded themselves on the public through a gaping wound in the side. Never mind! if you have any curiosity to measure the strength of the ideal, watch a child with her oldest doll. Rags sat at the head of the dinner-table, and had taken the precaution to get the headless doll on his right, with a view to eating her gingerbread as well as his own,—doing no violence to the proprieties in this way, but rather concealing her defects from a gaping public.

"I tell you sompfin' ittle Mit Vildy Tummins," Gay was saying to her battered offspring. "You's doin' to have a new ittle sit-ter to-mowowday, if you's a dood ittle dirl an does to seep nite an kick, you ser-weet ittle Vildy Tummins!" (All this punctuated with ardent squeezes fraught with delicious agony to one who had a wound in her side!) "Vay fink you's worn out, 'weety, but we know you isn't, don' we, 'weety? An I'll tell you nite ittle tory to-night, tause you isn't seepy. Wunt there was a ittle day hen 'at tole a net an' laid fir-teen waw edds in it, an bime bye erlevon or seventeen ittle chits f'ew out of 'em, an Mit Vildy 'dopted 'em all! In't that a nite tory, you ser-weet ittle Mit Vildy Tummins?"

Samantha hardly knew why the tears should spring to her eyes as she watched the dinner party,—unless it was because we can scarcely look at little children in their unconscious play without a sort of sadness, partly of pity and partly of envy, and of longing too, as for something lost and gone. And Samantha could look back to the time when she had sat at little tables set with bits of broken china, yes, in this very summer-house, and little Martha was always so gay, and David used to laugh so! "But there was no use in tryin' to make folks any dif'rent, 'specially if they was such nat'ral born fools they couldn't see a hole in a grinstun 'thout hevin' it hung on their noses!" and with these large and charitable views of human nature, Samantha walked back to the gate, and met Timothy as he came out of the orchard. She knew then what he had been doing. The boy had certain quaint thoughts and ways that were at once a revelation and an inspiration to these two plain women, and one of them was this. To step softly into the side orchard on pleasant evenings, and without a word, before or afterwards, to lay a nosegay on Martha's little white doorplate. And if Miss Vilda chanced to be at the window he would give her a quiet little smile, as much as to say, "We have no need of words, we two!" And Vilda, like one of old, hid all these doings in her heart of hearts, and loved the boy with a love passing knowledge.

Samantha and Timothy walked down the hill to the store. Yes, David Milliken was sitting all alone on the loafer's bench at the door, and why wasn't he at prayer-meetin' where he ought to be? She was glad she chanced to have on her clean purple calico, and that Timothy had insisted on putting a pink Ma'thy Washington geranium in her collar, for it was just as well to make folks' mouth water whether they had sense enough to eat or not.

"Who is that sorry-looking man that always sits on the bench at the store, Samanthy?"

"That's Dave Milliken."

"Why does he look so sorry, Samanthy?"

"Oh, he's alright. He likes it fust-rate, wearin' out that hard bench settin' on it night in 'n' night out, like a bump on a log! But, there, Timothy, I've gone 'n' forgot the whole popper, 'n' we're goin' to pickle seed cowcumbers to-morrer. You take the lard home 'n' put it in the cold room, in' ondress Gay 'n' git her to bed, for I've got to call int' Mis' Mayhew's goin' along back."

It was very vexatious to be obliged to pass David Milliken a second time; "though there warn't no sign that he cared anything about it one way or 'nother, bein' blind as a bat, 'n' deef as an adder, 'n' dumb as a fish, 'n' settin' stockstill there with no coat on, 'n' the wind blowin' up for rain, 'n' four o' the Millikens laying in the churchyard with gallopin' consumption. "It was in this frame of mind that she purchased the whole pepper, which she could have eaten at that moment as calmly as if it had been marrow-fat peas; and in this frame of mind she might have continued to the end of time had it not been for one of those unconsidered trifles that move the world when even the great forces have given up trying. As she came out of the store and passed David, her eye fell on a patch in the flannel shirt that covered his bent shoulders. The shirt was gray and (oh, the pity of it!) the patch was red; and it was laid forlornly on outside, and held by straggling stitches of carpet thread put on by patient, clumsy fingers. That patch had an irresistible pathos for a woman!

Samantha Ann Ripley never exactly

knew what happened. Even the wisest of down-East virgins has emotional lapses once in a while, and she confessed afterwards that her heart riz right up inside of her like a yeast cake. Mr. Berry, the postmaster, was in the back of the store reading postal cards. Not a soul was in sight. She managed to get down over the steps, though something with the strength of tarred ship-ropes was drawing her back; and then, looking over her shoulder with her whole brave, womanly heart in her swimming eyes, she put out her hand and said, "Come along, Dave!"

And Dave straightway gat him up from the loafer's bench and went unto Samantha gladly.

And they remembered not past unhappiness because of present joy; nor that the chill of coming winter was in the air, because it was summer in their hearts: and this is the eternal magic of love.

THE END.

## A MOTHER.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

Henry Hawkins was going home. Home to him was the cheerless hall-bedroom of a cheap boarding-house in the city.

"You'll be there at eight o'clock sharp, old fellow," his companion said to him as they stepped off from the horse-car.

"I'll be there sharp and sure, Phil."

The young men parted at the corner. Henry ate his dinner hastily and went up to his room to make some change in his dress. As he came down-stairs he chanced to turn at the second-story landing and saw the door of a room standing ajar, and kneeling at a young mother's knee, with bowed head, was a little child in its white night-robe. Henry caught some of the words of the "Now I lay me" prayer which the little one was saying.

A train of sweet memories rushed through the young man's mind at the sight of that beautiful picture. He thought of the dear old farmhouse home and the face of his loving mother came up before him. He seemed to feel the gentle pressure of her hand upon his head as he felt it in the days of childhood when he too knelt at a mother's knee and repeated that same prayer. A tear came into his eye.

"Unpardonable weakness!" he exclaimed to himself as he rushed down the stairway out into the street.

Still a thought of those days would linger, and he acknowledged to himself that he had not followed the teachings of that good mother. No, indeed, for he had already begun to tread the down-grade road. But it was so much warmer, so much lighter, and so much livelier down there at "Burke's" than it was in the boarding-house. How could he be expected to stay at home in that cheerless place after his day's work was done? Mother had always told him to keep good company, never to touch intoxicating liquor or enter any of those places that tempt the soul to evil.

"I wonder if things are all right at home. I haven't written to mother for five weeks. I suppose she is stewing about it and has imagined all sorts of dreadful things about me," were his thoughts as he turned the corner where the glittering lights over the door of "Burke's" met his vision.

Henry Hawkins had found a letter that day from his mother lying on his desk when he went into the office of the large wholesale house in which he worked. He remembered how she had begged him to write oftener and how anxious she was about him, and this sentence in particular came to his mind: "My dear boy, I pray for you many times a day, that you may be delivered from the evils of the world."

"Halloa, Hen!" exclaimed a voice, and Henry turned to see his companion of an hour before standing by him. "On hand, I see," and with these words he put his arm in Henry's and started for "Burke's."

"Somehow, Phil, I don't feel like myself. Guess I won't join the boys to-night. Had a letter to-day that's bothering me."

"Oh, a love-letter, I suppose! Or has your best girl turned you off to the mercies of the cold world, or what, old fellow? You'll get braced up when you get one of Burke's warmers and cheerers down your throat."

"I did have a love-letter, Phil, but not the kind you mean. It is from my mother. She's bothering herself about me because I don't write. I'm not worth it. I'm not what she thinks I am by a good deal. She prays that I may be delivered from the evil of the world. How is that?"

"Shows there's nothing in prayers and that sort of thing, Hen. I never had any mother to worry over me—she died when I was born. I've often thought I'd been better if I had a mother; but as it is, if I go down the chute in a hurry there is no one to care. I've gone so far now there is no use of my trying to pull on the up-grade. But come on, the boys are waiting."

"I don't think I will go to-night, Phil."

"But you promised, Hen."

"Yes, I know; but a bad promise is better broken than kept. I'm on the down-grade sure enough; but for mother's sake I'm going to try to get up again."

"Well, Hen, if I had a mother I might turn from my evil ways; but as it is, good-by! I'll tell the boys you're off the hooks to-night."

Henry Hawkins walked towards the corner. There was no bright prospect before him in the thought of the cheerless hall-bedroom. As he began to regret his decision, voices singing "What a friend we have in Jesus" fell upon his ear.

The sound was just above him, and as he looked up towards the window a friendly hand was laid on his shoulder and a young man said,

"Won't you come in to the young men's meeting?"

Henry went in. He was a stranger, but soon Christian helpers came round him. They were true friends, and soon Henry found it out and felt that such companionship was just what he wanted and needed. The young must have companionship with the young. He asked the prayers and counsel of these Christian friends, and when he left the room he knew that the turning-point in his life had come and the Lord had led him out into the right way. Before he went to sleep that night he wrote a letter to his mother, and when she received it she said, "I knew the Lord would hear my prayers and save my boy."

It had been that mother's custom after the supper hour to go to her room and pray for her absent boy. The mother's bedroom in that far-away farmhouse had been a hallowed place during all the years of her motherhood.

Henry Hawkins is doing all he can to bring his former companions out of the old evil life into the higher and better one. He has asked his mother to remember motherless Phil every day at the throne of the Lord who is mighty to save.—*American Messenger.*

## SELF-SUPPORT IN COLLEGE.

Ex-President of Cornell University says in the *Youth's Companion*. I would most earnestly advise the person supporting himself by any sort of labor during his university course to extend his undergraduate studies over five or six years, rather than attempt to accomplish a full course in four years, at the expense of physical and mental good health.

This in our larger universities can be easily done; and when entrance into a profession is thus delayed by two or three years, or even more, this delay is as nothing compared to the advantage of working under normal conditions, rather than under constant pressure and strain.

Every young man will do well to remember that he will never be asked whether he began the practice of his profession at the age of twenty-five years or at the age of thirty; the only question will be, "Has he the mental and physical strength required for the best work in it?"

Let me now give a few illustrative examples of students that I have known.

Several years ago I received a letter from a youth whom I will call B——, asking me how he could best support himself through a university course. So much depends on each man's personal characteristics that I could not warrant his success in anything, but I suggested that he learn the craft of printing.

He took my advice, and although a graduate of one of the most thorough academies of the state of New York apprenticed himself for three years in a printing-office.

On arriving at the university he passed his examination admirably, and at once took rank not only among the very best scholars, writers and speakers in his class, but as one of the best in the entire institution. This position he maintained throughout his entire course, while supporting himself by work in the printing-office, and by some library work for which his experience as a printer especially fitted him.

His freedom from debt at the end of his course made it possible for him to carry further his studies, both at home and abroad; and he is now a member of the faculty in one of our most important universities, and a scholar widely known and honored on both sides of the Atlantic.

My next example shall be S——. He pursued a similar course for self-support, became an excellent student, and shortly after his graduation, having attracted attention by a brilliant historical article, was advanced from the typographical to the editorial department in the newspaper office where he was engaged, and thus continued a most honorable career.

*My third example shall be* H——. He came to the university very poor, and absolutely dependent upon his own exertions for support; but he had thoroughly learned the printer's craft, had no bad habits, and was devoted to scientific studies.

It was a brave struggle, for he was not very strong physically, but he pulled through, and has since been a professor in one of the leading universities of the South, and State Geologist of the commonwealth to which he belongs.

My final example shall be that of a woman—Miss T—. How or when she learned the printer's art, I do not know; but throughout her university career, she supported herself by type-setting and proof-reading.

That she found time to maintain high scholarship is proved by the fact that she carried off the first prize for Greek at one of the most earnestly contested intercollegiate contests, and is now an influential professor at one of the most important colleges for women in our country.

These are indeed specially good examples, but I know no others which make against the lesson these teach—that a young man or young woman of marked ability, self-control and pluck can, with ordinary luck, secure a university education in the way I have indicated.

I ought, perhaps, to say that the persons I have especially alluded to had some advantage in the fact that the university where they studied had at that time upon its grounds a "University Press," which did much book work; but even without this I think they would have found self-supporting labor in the university town.

And now for one especial encouragement for such self-supporting students. In these latter days nearly every one of our larger institutions of learning has greatly increased the number of its scholarships and fellowships open to competitive examination. These greatly lighten the burden of self-support to a student of ability, and in some cases remove it altogether

A young man or young woman will certainly find that skill in the printer's craft gives many advantages in such competition—more in fact than would at first be thought possible—advantages quite likely to impress the great majority of examiners in favor of a candidate; and among these advantages I name correct orthography and punctuation, maturity of expression, with general good finish and good form in the examination papers.

In conclusion, let me give a wise counsel from one of the four especially successful young printers and scholars to whom I have alluded in the fore-going article

Having read it, he makes the following comment: "If men or women aspiring to a college course were first willing to take the time and the labor to do two things. I believe they might set out, with perfect assurance of finding self-supporting labor and of keeping it at any college or university in the land. They are:

"First, to prepare completely for college.

"Secondly, to learn a trade completely.

"This costs time; but it is time well spent. This is to enter college late; but the men who enter college late prove, as a rule, the best men."

With this I heartily agree, and close with a "God speed" to the young men and young women of courage enough, endurance enough, and faith enough to become first-rate printers and first-rate scholars.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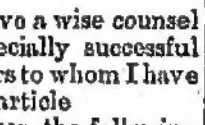


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